A

POEM

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

To His Royal Highneſs Prince FREDERIC,

On His Safe ARRIVAL in *Great Britain*,

And on His being Created PRINCE *of* WALES.

By *L. EUSDEN*, A. M.

Late Fellow of *Trinity College*, *Cambridge*, and now Poet-Laureat to HIS MAJESTY.

Fallax O quoties Pulvis deludet Amorem
Suſpenſum, veniens omni dum crederis Horâ! Claudian.

Veniſti tandem, Tuaque ſpectata Parenti
Vicit Iter durum Pietas? datur Ora tueri? Virgil.

Jam nihil, O Superi, querimur! Lucan.

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WHILE *Britiſh* Crowds their loyal Tongues employ,
And happy *Albion* feels a Mother's Joy;
While the big Pomp united Factions grace,
And ev'ry Heart is read in ev'ry Face;
Deign, blooming PRINCE, mid' Laurels to receive
This Wreath of Ivy, which the *Muſes* give.
Accept a Canniſter of vernal Flow'rs,
The Growth of Meadows 'round *Palladian* Tow'rs!

Pallas

Pallas with Thee has early lov'd to dwell;
Not young *Ulyſſes* knew Her half ſo well.
Believe the Mirrour, that the Goddeſs brings,
And learn thy Image from her faithful Springs!
I may record the Wonders of thy Youth,
But ſtill the Panegyric breaths the Truth.

Begin, *Ye Muſes!* ſing with Eaſe your Lays:
For what ſo eaſie, as Deſert to praiſe?
And if Strains, worthy of his Fame, you give,
Your Strains, immortal, with his Fame ſhall live.

Beyond four *Luſtrums* ſcarce two Years have roul'd,
Since FRED'RIC's infant Eyes could Light behold.
Let *Grecian* Writers tell, with Fiction proud,
How *Zoröaſtres* laugh'd, when born, a-loud:
Thy firſt auſpicious Looks were ſweetly mild,
And on thy ſmiling Parents, early ſmil'd.
Not ev'n thy Child-hood ſhow'd a childiſh Mind,
Nor was to Gew-gaws, and to Toys enclin'd;
But lov'd to creep o'er Rows of gleamy Shields,
Or play with Turbants, won in *Turkiſh* Fields:
How pleas'd to view the Warrior-ſteed's fierce Bounds,
Or hear the deep-mouth'd Trumpet's angry Sounds!

Thy

Thy ſtrengthen'd Nerves in bold Eſſays appear;
They twang the Yew, or lanch the whiſtling Spear,
Or climb rough Steeps, or ſtem the rapid Floods,
Or range, in queſt of Savages, the Woods.
O! had'ſt Thou liv'd, when, by divine Command,
The fam'd Boar ravag'd fair *Ætolia*'s Land!
The Virgin Huntreſs had miſ-ſpent her Dart,
While firſt thy Spear tranfix'd the Monſter's Heart:
Thou ſafe had'ſt giv'n the Spoil to ſooth her Pride,
Althea had no fatal Brand apply'd,
Nor for his Preſent *Meleäger* dy'd.

At length, thy Boy-hood paſt, the Youth is ſeen
With ſoft Deportment, and a graceful Mien.
Lo! ev'ry Art allures Thee with its Charms,
And all the *Muſes* open all their Arms!
Again dead Heroes, and dead Poets bloom,
And *Athens* waits Thee with imperial *Rome!*
Old *Heſiod*, there, inſtructs the lab'ring Swains;
Or the gay *Teïan* ſports in melting Strains;
Or Flocks in flow'ry Vales the Shepherds feed,
Attentive to the *Syracoſian* Reed;
Or the great *Homer* ruin'd *Ilium* ſings,
The Fall of Empires, and the Fate of Kings:

In Wit luxuriant, *Ovid*, here, improves
Of Gods their Legends, and their ſecret Loves:
Or *Horace*, while his Breaſt *Rome*'s Glories fire,
To *Pindar*'s Height attunes the *Roman* Lyre,
Or ridicules the Follies of Mankind;
Or *Juvenal* upbraids the vicious Mind;
Or *Statius* dares in pompous Verſe diſcloſe
The hid *Achilles*, or the *Theban* Woes;
Or in fair Freedom's Cauſe bold *Lucan* ſwells;
Or Epic Tales the heav'nly *Maro* tells.
Uſe, with Delight, all variouſly ſupply,
What Paths to follow, and what Paths to fly.
Yet be, with Care, for Imitation read
Thoſe ſhining Annals of th' Immortal Dead,
Where thy triumphant Anceſtors are ſhown,
Unfabl'd Heroes, matchleſs in Renown!

But when a Beard, o'er thy ſmooth Chin diſplay'd,
Silent proclaim'd Thee Man with thicken'd Shade;
Thou, not with *Antony*, thy Hours would'ſt waſte;
Like *Cato*, temperate, and, like *Scipio*, chaſte.
Sages, long whiten'd with Time's awful Snow,
Renounce their Lectures, and thy Pupils grow:

They,

They, whoſe Experience youthful Throngs revere,
To Thee with Wonder lend a liſt'ning Ear.

When thy ſwift Courſer ſcours along the Plains,
Or high thy Steed croupades in manag'd Reins,
Æthon, whoſe Neighings chaſe away the Stars,
On whom the Morn her roſie Gates un-bars,
Sullen looks down, with envious Spleen poſſeſt,
And longs by ſuch a Rider to be preſt.

An inborn Sweetneſs, and majeſtic Grace
Form a bleſt Mixture, and compoſe thy Face:
Thy Face in Paint, or rich Intaglios ſpy'd,
What Royal Nymph but glows to be a Bride?
With *Atalanta* Thee had Fate decreed
To run, Thou would'ſt no golden Apples need:
Her Eyes with Pleaſure would her Feet betray,
And on thy Beauties gaze her Soul away.
Parthenopæus, brave, and fair, and young,
So ſhines, *Papinius*, in thy lofty Song.
Th' *Idalian* God was ſeen with ſuch a Look,
When He, *Aſcanius*, once thy Image took:
From his bright Eyes ſuch lively Glories ſtray'd,
And o'er his Shoulders ſuch ſweet Ringlets play'd.

When

When Sail was hoiſted from the *Belgic* Shore,
Blue *Tritons* ſmooth'd the Waves, and ſwam before.
A Boat, ſecure, along the conſcious Main,
A *Cæſar*, or a FRED'RIC can ſuſtain.
Driv'n by kind Gales, the Shallop boom'd to Land,
And Thee intruſted to *Harvicum*'s Strand.
Colonia next was gain'd, well-known to Fame,
Whence *Lucius*, *Conſtantine*, and *Helen* came:
A King, an Emperor, and an Empreſs born,
Make the proud Town on Cities look with Scorn.
Not ſmall thoſe Honours of the native Beds
To the firſt, glorious Three, crown'd, Chriſtian Heads;
But let Her ſtill with nobler Triumphs ſhine!
Her Boſome now warms, from the wintry Brine,
A Greater Prince, than the Great *Conſtantine*!

Thence to *Auguſta* is thy Courſe decreed;
Not *Julius* ever journey'd with ſuch Speed:
At Court arriv'd, Thou ſeek'ſt th' un-feign'd Embrace
Of thy glad Parents, and their beauteous Race.
Cumbria's Duke ſeen, ſuch Joys Thou feel'ſt within,
As *Joſeph*, when He ſaw young *Benjamin*.
Beneath thy Windows, 'ere the Morning-Ray,
Crowds preſs on Crowds, and chide the ling'ring Day.

Still

Still from Exceſs of Love is Prudence weak;
With Zeal, un-timely, they thy Slumbers break:
In too loud Shouts their hearty Welcomes give,
And bid *Britannia*'s future Hope long live!

Soon as the Light reveals Thee to their Eyes,
What ſweet Ideas in their Boſoms riſe!
Some in thy Features thy loſt Grand-ſire trace,
Some thy great Parents, blended in thy Face.
Others to antique Paintings turn their Thought,
Where the third *Edward*'s Son adorns the Draught;
Thy Form declares, the Pencil might not feign,
But *Wallia*'s Prince ſo look, in Gourts again,
Laurel'd, and blooming, *Creſſy*, from thy Plain!

If now, invited by the temp'rate Air,
The Royal Branches to the *Mall* repair,
Un-number'd Multitudes, with lifted Hands,
Cry, For ſuch Bleſſings Heav'n our Thanks demands!
In vain Phyſicians bid their Patients ſtay,
Coop'd in their Chambers, and not dare to ſtray:
Hither they come, and ſateleſs with Delight,
Preſage new Health from ſuch a heav'nly Sight.

Who, tir'd with Life, beg'd Death, as a Reprieve,
Begin to wiſh, they now may longer live.
The marry'd Dames hence fruitful Omens take,
And Virgins raſh, half-finiſh'd Vows forſake:
While from the Princely Train, diffus'd on All,
Soft Aſpects, and propitious Glances fall.
Thus when the *Pharian* Prieſts diſplay their Gods,
And proudly ſweat beneath the ſacred Loads,
Thouſands on Thouſands hide the Banks of *Nile*,
And catch from each kind Deity a Smile:
Cymbals, and joyful Shouts are heard around:
The Domes of *Memphis* echoe to the Sound.

O *Albion!* who thy Pleaſures can conceive
In Fancy, or what Climes remote believe?
Thy meaneſt Sons enjoy ſincere Repoſe,
And for each Planter each preſs'd Vintage flows.
Oft, with the Widow's Cruſe, thy Stores ſubſide,
But, like that Cruſe, ſtill riſe, a-new ſupply'd.
See! yellow Harveſts in thy fields around!
With Graſs thy Meads, with Fruits thy Gardens crown'd!
Beneath the Beſt of Kings, thy Bliſs how great!
Now, by the Beſt of Princes, how compleat!

Not ſweeteſt Muſic *Orpheus* could Inſpire,
If but one String was abſent from his Lyre.
Full is our Syſtem: the Seven Planets run,
And move, harmonious, 'round their Sire, the Sun.

Young Heroe! view this Iſle's delightful State!
This may be truly ſtyl'd, *The Fortunate*!
What long ſhe wiſh'd, ſhe now can, raptur'd, ſee,
In her own Arms her Royal Progeny!
Thy virtuous Parents ſtrive again t' unfold
Saturnian Times, as ſung by Bards of old.
On Others could their bright Example win,
Then might they ſeem the double Cherubin,
That keep this Land, like *Eden*, fenc'd from Sin.

Once more, Thou Glorious Prince, Hail, and farewell!
No Strains a Nation's Ecſtaſies can tell.
So *Latian* Throngs with Pleaſure ſtood entranc'd,
When on the *Tyber Cybelé* advanc'd:
Speechleſs by Wonder, *Rome* in rich Abodes
Receiv'd the Goddeſs, and her Children, Gods.

F I N I S.